

Fireworks by orphan_account

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Summary:

Joyce, Hopper and the kids enjoy some fireworks and a family BBQ on the Fourth of July.

Fireworks

Jim and Jonathan were cooking hamburgers on the BBQ while Joyce and Will pulled the picnic table out from the garage. El brought out the ketchup, mustard and hamburger buns from inside the kitchen.

“The burgers are ready!” Jonathan called out while Hopper piled the cooked patties on the plate. He carried them over and laid them next to the buns and condiments on the picnic table.

“I call dibs on first!” Will shouted while running over to the table.

“Hmph, only if you can run faster.” Hopper said while getting two buns and placing a patty in between.

“Oh my god, Chef Jonathan and Chef Jim. These are delicious.” Joyce was hardly understandable due to the fact she was chomping down on the burger.

“Mmm I agree.” Will nodded while he took a big bite.

“Good. Really good.” El licked her lips after swallowing the first cautious nibble she took to taste test it. Everyone had at least two burgers, Hopper put away all the leftovers and wrapped them in tinfoil.

“Dessert?” El’s eyes flickered with enthusiasm. She’d heard Hopper

talking to Jonathan about it earlier. Jonathan and Hopper disappeared into the house for no longer than a minute and came out with a tub of ice cream and a cake that was decorated to look like the American flag.

“Ice cream!” El squealed with excitement. Hopper couldn’t help but smile at her sheer happiness for the smallest of things.

Everyone got a slice of cake and a scoop of ice cream, except for El, who had decided to trade a piece of cake for an extra scoop of ice cream.

“C’m^{on}, lets go.” Hopper kept the car door open for Jonathan, Will and El as they all crammed into the back seat of Joyce’s car. He shut the door after Jonathan climbed in and opened the passenger seat for Joyce.

“But I thought I was driving--” Joyce said, perplexed.

“Hey, listen. You deserve a break from doing everything. Get *in*.” Hop insisted on letting her relax for the night. “Jonathan, you got your camera for recording or whatever you do?” He reminded Jonathan since he knew it was important to him.

“Yup. Thanks.” Jonathan pointed to his camera to show proof that he remembered. Hopper opened the car door and attempted to climb in, but he wasn’t used to a small car like Joyce’s. He banged his head off of the top of the vehicle at full force as he swung himself into the car.

“Awh, shit, shit, shit!” Hopper swore, rubbing his hand over his forehead.

Everyone started cackling, including Joyce, who was slapping her hand off of the dashboard. Jonathan almost dropped his camera

when Will threw himself forward with laughter. But El raised her eyebrow and kept her mouth shut. She almost asked 'Are you ok?' But didn't want to ruin the fun they were having.

"Shiiiiit." Jim emphasized when he glanced at his hand, which had blood smeared over his palm. He reached for a tissue in his pocket and held it to the cut. He pulled out a cigarette from the opposite pocket and placed it between his lips.

"Ha ha ha. Very funny." Hop muttered while he pulled out of the driveway. He placed a lighter in Joyce's hands. "Light it for me?" Hopper didn't stop looking at the road while Joyce leaned over and lit the cigarette for him. The smoke blew out of his nose and mouth when he said

"Thank you." Even though it was muffled from the cigarette and the smirk he wore on his face Joyce still understood, and so did the kids in the back of the car.

"You're welcome." Joyce said, smirking back at him while placing the lighter back in his hand.

The kids in the back all exchanged looks back and forth. A collective "Awww" followed by giggles were expressed from the backseat of the car.

Instead of waiting an hour, just staring in the sky for the fireworks to start Jim decided to take a small pit-stop at Will's and Jonathan's favourite ice cream parlor. All the kids got the "best" flavor. Jim treat himself to mint chip. He was the one who went in the shop with the kids and let Joyce stay back in the car to wait. Hop thought it'd be nice to surprise Joyce with *her* favourite flavor.

He helped them in the car, it was a little difficult since Hop had two ice cream cones in his hands, but he still managed to successfully open the doors without dropping the ice cream.

“Here, Joyce.” Hopper passed it over into her hands while doing up his seat belt.

“You want me to hold it for you or something.” She had figured it was a second one for him. It definitely wouldn’t be the first time.

“Yeah, hold it for yourself, honey.” Jim’s expression had a hint of a smirk, but not quite.

“Oh so you actually bought one for me this time.” She teased. Last time Jim took them out for ice cream he was a dollar short.

“Mhm. Love you too.” The smirk was now visible, so was the tint of pink scatter over his cheeks.

“*Stopp*” Joyce punched his shoulder gently as soon as he was about to take a bite of the ice cream. Mint chip got in his beard and was dusted around the tip of his nose. Jim joined in on the laughter willingly. Joyce was relieved he was in a good mood. It was something she hadn’t seen in a while.

Joyce gestured towards a narrow dirt road that seemed to wind up

into the small hills people hike up when it's light out. Jim took the bumpy road and drove until the trail ended and turned into a large concrete circle. He parked the car so it was looking over the ledge that Jonathan had mentioned while they were driving. He walked around the front of the car and opened the door for Joyce, then for the kids. They were at the top of a hill that overlooked a small portion of Hawkins. When Jonathan peered down he saw hundreds of people gathered in a tight cluster waiting for fireworks to be set off.

"El, Hopper, this is where we watch the fireworks every year." Will exclaimed, pointing his arm towards the edge of the hill. Jonathan read the confused expression on El's face.

"Fireworks are really pretty, they shoot up in the sky and display colors. Mostly red white and blue. Because it's the Fourth of July." Jonathan explained to El, smiling at her still confused reaction.

Jonathan, Will and El sat down next to each other. Jonathan hugged into Will and held onto El's hand and waited for the first firework to pop up and start the show. Joyce and Hopper sat down on the hood of the car. He pulled out another cigarette and inhaled an excessive amount of smoke. He cuddled into her as they watched the fireworks dance in the night sky. Joyce rest her head on Jim's shoulder. He turned his head to breathe out the cigarette smoke, trying not to get it in her face.

"The fireworks are beautiful." He commented randomly and took another drag.

"Yeah. They are." As beautiful as the fireworks were, she couldn't take her focus off of Jim's blue eyes, which were reflecting the show as he watched.

She could hear the cigarette burn away while he puffed on it and released the fumes from his mouth and into the atmosphere.

“But you’re way more beautiful than any damned fireworks Joyce.” He whispered in her ear. Hop realized she was staring at him. “Am I part of the firework show or...” Jim spat out sarcastically, placing his forehead on hers.

“I don’t know. But you’re pretty damn attractive.” She could feel the electricity in his baby blue eyes. They held onto her pulled her in. She pursed her lips and let Jim kiss her. His beard agitated her face and neck. Jim stopped for a brief moment and unbuckled his belt, then jumped back into the same position.

“Right now? In front of the kids?” Joyce spoke softly.

“Hmm, good point.” Hopper glanced over at the three teenagers. But still, he didn’t buckle his pants back up. Instead he continued kissing on her neck, eventually leaving small bruises that cascaded around her jawline. Joyce felt his hand slide up and down her thigh.

“Jim!” She spoke into his mouth, still not losing contact with his lips.

“Yah?” Hopper slid his hand from her inner thigh to her ass.

“Hopper.” Joyce tried to mutter between kisses. “Hopper!” She grabbed his attention by raising her voice and tugging on his dirty blonde hair.

“What is it, honey.” He grunted, smirking down at her, biting his bottom lip.

“The show, it’s over soon.” Joyce remembered from last year how the shots were fired off faster near the end.

“Oh fuck.” He panicked, pushing himself off of the car, then helping Joyce sit up. Hop reached for his belt and buckled it up.

He placed his arm back over her and began to pepper kisses all over her face,

Joyce was right, the fireworks stopped about a minute or two after she had cleaned up. They went inside and sat down in the car and lit a new cigarette, as Jonathan helped Will and El stand back up and walked them to the car. This time Jonathan opened the door for the two kids and he hopped in after.

“Mom! Your neck is red and purple.... are you ok?” Will innocently questioned, genuinely concerned about his Mom.

“I’m more than *ok*, sweetie.” She looked over at Hopper and winked, but made sure none of the kids could see when she did.

‘More than *ok*?’ Hopper mouthed at Joyce, knowing that the kids were all attentively listening and watching their every move.

‘*Yeah...*’ She bit her bottom lip and raised her eyebrows after she mouthed her words. Her eyes widened and a small smirk curled on her lips. The ride on the way back was awkwardly silent. Jim started to think if any of the kids had seen them, it’s not like they were having sex back there. But still, no one needed the image of him

kissing Joyce's neck etched into their brain. When they arrived back home El and Will had both dozed off.

Jonathan carried Will over his shoulder, and Hopper carried El. Joyce had to open the door for the two guys so they could go tuck in the kids. Jonathan wasn't long falling asleep after he laid Will down on his bed.

"Joyce, can we talk about our relationship." Joyce heard Jim anxiously ask from the other side of the bed. Joyce felt her hands shaking after hearing those words. She turned on her back and switched on the light.

"What do you mean." Her breathing was heavy and heart was racing.

"I don't know... I just wanna know how to make you *happier*." Jim stayed on his side, facing away from her. "I always fuck up when I fall in love." He finally turned over to see her face. "I don't want to fuck up, Joyce." His voice turned aggressive and deep on the last sentence. He felt a jolt of anger rush through his body as he remembered the stupid shit he did that made his wife leave him, and what he did in high school...

"I love Jim Hopper, and Jim Hopper is who I need to be happy." She kissed his bearded cheek and turned off the light. "Good night, Hop." Joyce whispered and closed her eyes. His hands softly massaged her shoulders as he kissed the back of her neck.

"Good night Ms. Byers." He snickered, closing his eyes. *I wanna be the man who puts the 'r' in Mrs. Byers.* Hopper thought, drifting off to sleep.

Author's Note:

This was originally supposed to be part of my fan fiction: Addicted.